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LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES

LAW BREAKERS...

SUSPENSE STORIES

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IN THIS ISSUE-- *thrill-packed exciting suspense stories...*

DEAD-END • GROUNDS FOR MURDER •
BUM STEER • ACID TEST • and others...

"Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb. Skeleton

GLEASON CLEVELAND AFTER JOWETT TRAINING 160 lbs. of Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU Like To Have A New Body Like Mine? I added 7 INCHES to my CHEST 3½ INCHES to each ARM and to the rest of my body in proportion as YOU can.

Yours John Sill UTAH

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU do as I did in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS. of SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING "SECRETS" Photo Book while you can. FREE!

AMAZING SECRETS How to WIN MUSCLES like IRON NERVES of STEEL World's Great EXPERT Tells You How YOU Can BECOME An All-Around ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY IN YOUR HOME. PHOTO BOOK

FREE while they last!

This Book will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and A BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It) as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN! WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN! Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN! Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity. Make More Money.

John Sill was a 125 lb. Skinny Weakling

Let's go, young fellow, Now YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID and I'll give YOU a New HE-MAN BODY as I gave MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY 5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER SYSTEM BUILDS YOU 5-WAYS FAST SO YOU SAVE YEARS AND DOLLARS!

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

like John BECOME A MOVIE STAR HE-MAN

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How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build MIGHTY LEGS
How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

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2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

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Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

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JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

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BUM STEER

WHEN OX PENNER RESOLVED TO KILL THE MAN WHO HELD HIM PRISONER, HE WANTED IT TO LOOK LIKE A TRAGIC AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT. BUT POOR OX WAS GIVING HIMSELF A...

ALL I DO NOW IS STEER THIS BUGGY INTO THE REAR OF THAT PARKED TRUCK, AND MY PAL HERE'LL BE OFF MY HANDS FOR GOOD! SO LONG, BONES.. THE END OF THE LINE'S COMING UP!

RICK SOBOND

IN THE LOBBY OF A SECOND-RATE HOTEL, THE EVENING AFTER THE DERBY...

'LO, OX. HOW'S THINGS GOING?

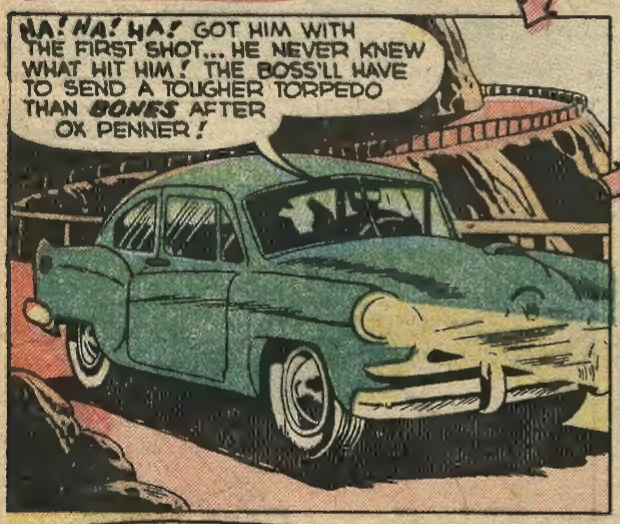
B-BONES! W-WHAT'RE *YOU* DOING IN TOWN? I..I WAS GONNA PHONE THE BOSS FIRST THING TOMORROW!

KINDA SIMPLE OF YOU, OX...THINKING YOU COULD SKIP OUTTA TOWN WITH THE TAKE FROM THAT BETTING COUP OF OURS! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS... BEHIND THIS BRIEF CASE IS A LOADED GUN! I'LL *USE* IT, IF NECESSARY!

Raymond Joel Storch

Y-YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, BONES! I WASN'T PLANNING TO TAKE A POWDER...
SURE..SURE! LET'S GET TO YOUR CAR. WE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US.. BACK TO THE WINDY CITY. THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!
RAM HOTEL
HE HAD A SNEAKING SUSPICION YOU MIGHT GET TOO FRIENDLY WITH THAT DOUGH WE WON ON THE BIG RACE. WHEN YOU DIDN'T CALL, HE GAVE ME THE GO-AHEAD TO PICK YOU UP AND BRING YOU BACK HOME. C'MON, WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
C-CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER? WE COULD SPLIT THE DOUGH...
THE WINNINGS YOU LEFT UP IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM? DON'T BE SILLY... I GOT A KEY AND WENT INTO YOUR PLACE WHILE YOU WERE IN THE LOBBY. I GOT ALL THE CASH IN THIS BRIEF CASE! NOW GET THIS BUGGY STARTED!
GIVE ME A CHANCE, BONES! THE BOSS'LL HAVE ME DROPPED INTO THE LAKE WHEN WE GET BACK...
YOU GOT YOUR CHOICE, OX! THE LAKE.. OR A BULLET FROM THIS GUN! ...THAT'S A GOOD BOY, KEEP THIS HEAP MOVING!
THE MILES ROLL BY... SOON, THE DARKNESS AND STEADY HUMMING OF THE TIRES TAKES THE DESIRED EFFECT ON THE OMINOUS PASSENGER...
HE'S STARTING TO DOZE! I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER CLOSE HIS EYES! NOW'S MY CHANCE...
I GOTTA MOVE FAST IF I'M GONNA PULL THIS OFF! BONES IS A KILLER... ONE MISS AND I'M A GONER! FUNNY HE GOT CARELESS THIS TIME...

...AND DIDN'T FRISK ME BEFORE WE STARTED OUT! I DON'T DARE SLOW DOWN 'CAUSE IT MIGHT WAKE HIM! NO ONE IN SIGHT ...HERE GOES!
BLAMM!


HA! HA! HA! GOT HIM WITH THE FIRST SHOT... HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM! THE BOSS'LL HAVE TO SEND A TOUGHER TORPEDO THAN BONES AFTER OX PENNER!

WITH MY GUN BURIED WHERE EVEN I COULDN'T FIND IT, THE COPS'LL NEVER PUT TOGETHER A CASE AGAINST ME! NOW TO GET RID OF THE STIFF... SAY.. I REMEMBER A WONDERFUL IDEA I ONCE READ ABOUT!

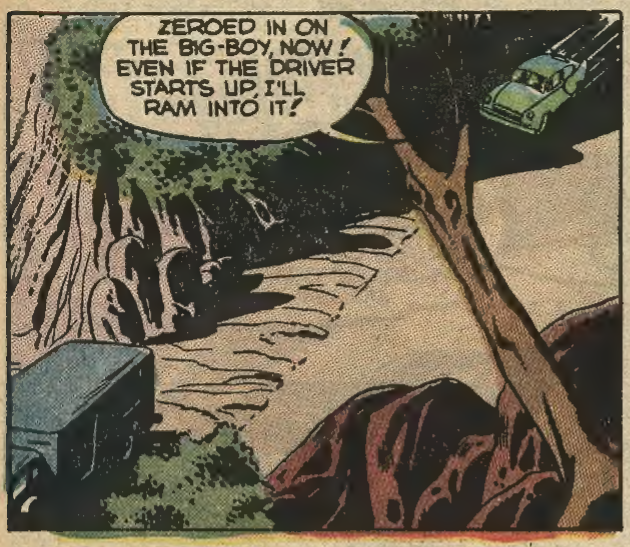
BUT FIRST, I'LL LATCH ONTO THIS DOUGH WE WON ON THE RACE! THE COPS'LL NEVER KNOW THAT BONES FOUND IT IN MY ROOM..THE WAY I'M GONNA FIX IT, THEY'LL THINK WE WERE JUST INVOLVED IN AN ACCIDENT.

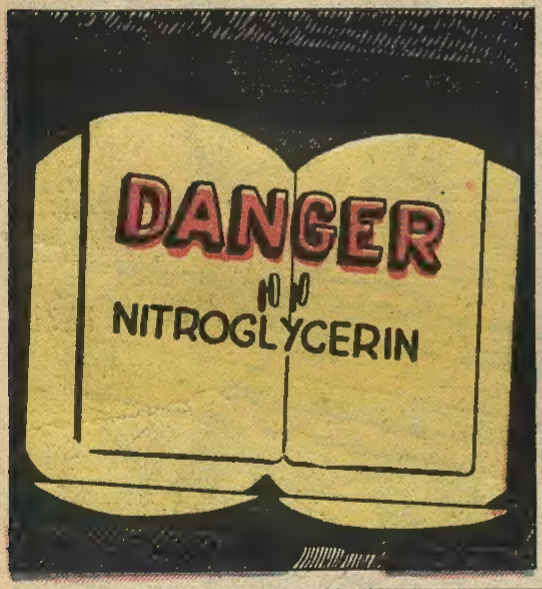
THERE'LL BE A FEW QUESTIONS ... THEN OFF I BREEZE WITH A FORTUNE! HA! HA! THIS IS WORKING OUT JUST AS I HOPED... NOW TO GET RID OF BONES!

WITH A CLASH OF GEARS, THE CAR ROARS BACK ALONG THE HIGHWAY...
IT'S DARK NOW, JUST LIKE IN THAT MAGAZINE YARN! DARK ENOUGH SO THAT ANY DRIVER MIGHT MAKE THE MISTAKE I'M GOING TO MAKE! AFTER THE COLLISION, I'LL TELL THE COPS THAT I DOZED OFF... ACCIDENTALLY STEERED OFF THE ROAD! I CAN'T MISS!
U.S. 3

I FIND ME A TRUCK PARKED FOR THE NIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND SLAM INTO IT! I'LL GET SCRATCHED UP A LITTLE, BUT IF I AIM THE RIGHT SIDE OF THIS CHARIOT AT THE TRUCK.. BONES' BODY'LL BE SMASHED BEYOND IDENTIFICATION! THAT BULLET HOLE WON'T EVEN BE SPOTTED!
FOR HALF-AN-HOUR, OX CRUISES ALONG THE HIGHWAY, LOOKING INTENTLY FOR A PARKED TRUCK. THEN...
THERE'S ONE..BUTTONED UP FOR THE NIGHT! JUST FAR ENOUGH AWAY FOR ME TO GIVE THIS CAN THE GUN AND GET UP SOME STEAM!
FIRST, LIKE IN THAT STORY, I SNAP OFF THE HEADLIGHTS. NO NEED TO WAKE UP THE TRUCK DRIVER BEFORE I SLAM INTO HIS GAS-BURNER!
THEN I SLAM MY FOOT DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL..GET THE SPEEDOMETER UP TO FIFTY...
GATHERING SPEED, THE CAR PLUNGES TOWARD THE DARKENED TRUCK...
VAROOOOM!

THUNDERING ALONG THE ROAD, THE PASSENGER CAR SUDDENLY SWERVES ONTO THE SHOULDER!

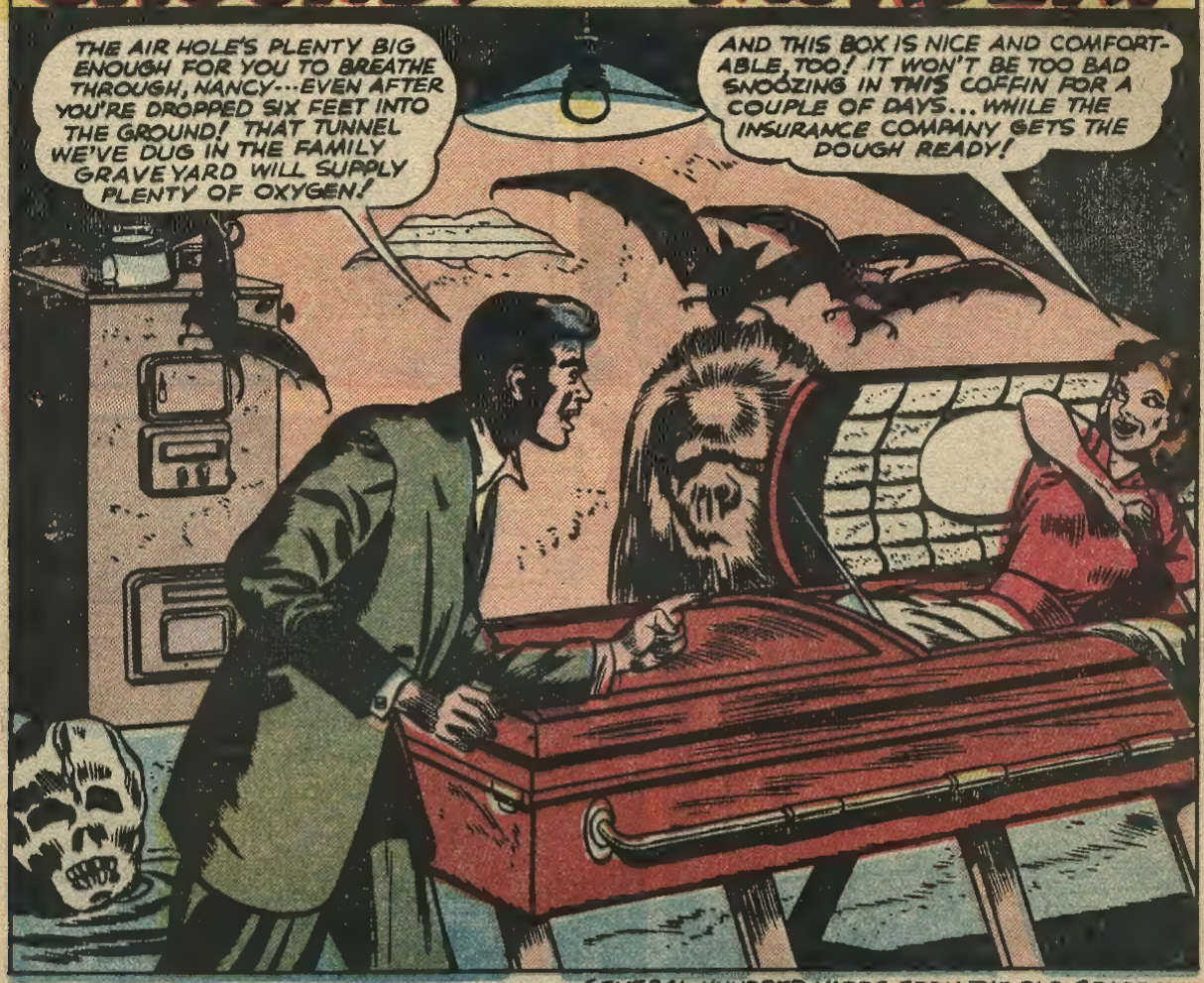




THE STORY OX PENNER READ, YOU WILL AGREE, WAS A BUM STEER! IT LED HORRIBLY ENOUGH TO... THE END

IT WAS A BRILLIANT SCHEME...THIS MACABRE SWINDLE DREAMT UP BY TOM AND NANCY SPARROW! AND ON IT'S SUCCESS DEPENDED $100,000 IN LIFE INSURANCE MONEY! ENOUGH REWARD, IN FACT, TO MAKE IT...

GROUNDS FOR MURDER!


THE AIR HOLE'S PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BREATHE THROUGH, NANCY---EVEN AFTER YOU'RE DROPPED SIX FEET INTO THE GROUND! THAT TUNNEL WE'VE DUG IN THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD WILL SUPPLY PLENTY OF OXYGEN!
AND THIS BOX IS NICE AND COMFORTABLE, TOO! IT WON'T BE TOO BAD SNOOZING IN THIS COFFIN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS... WHILE THE INSURANCE COMPANY GETS THE DOUGH READY!

IN DILAPIDATED OLD "SPARROW'S NEST" AN IMPORTANT LETTER ARRIVED AND WAS READ WITH FEVERISH INTEREST...

IT'S FROM ACME INSURANCE, TOM, THEY'VE ACCEPTED YOUR APPLICATION FOR THAT 100 GRAND POLICY ON MY LIFE!
AND I'VE JUST PERFECTED THE SERUM, DARLING! WE'RE ALL SET TO MAKE OUR PITCH FOR THE DOUGH! BUT FIRST LET'S CHECK THE BURIAL GROUNDS AGAIN!

SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE OLD SPARROW HOUSE STOOD THE ANCIENT FAMILY CEMETERY...

Y-YOU'RE SURE IT WILL WORK, TOM?
DIDN'T WE REHEARSE THE WHOLE THING JUST LAST WEEK? ENOUGH AIR WILL COME THROUGH ...AFTER THE COFFIN IS SET IN THIS GRAVE...TO KEEP YOU ALIVE INDEFINITELY! THIS HOLE IS A REGULAR BREATHING TUBE...

A WEEK PASSED... A WEEK OF LAST MINUTE PREPARATIONS. AND THEN...
THIS WON'T HURT AT ALL, NANCY! YOU'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY... FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS!
THEN... $100,000 IS OURS! ENOUGH TO PAY OFF ALL OUR DEBTS, GET RID OF THIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE... AND START LIVING!
THE STUFF'S WORKING PERFECTLY. TEN MINUTES... AND NOT EVEN AN EXPERT WOULD TELL SHE'S NOT DEAD! I'LL CARRY HER UP TO THE BEDROOM AND MAKE THAT PHONE CALL!
T-THAT'S RIGHT, DOC... SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE BREATHING AT ALL! HURRY, PLEASE... IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!
A HALF-HOUR LATER, A CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP OUTSIDE "SPARROW'S NEST" AND AN EXCITED MAN RACED INTO THE ANCESTRAL HOME. A MAN WITH A LITTLE BLACK BAG...
NO HEART BEAT... NO PULSE! BRACE YOURSELF, MR. SPARROW...
Y-YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEAT AROUND THE BUSH WITH ME, DOCTOR. SHE'S DEAD.. MY DARLING WIFE IS DEAD!
HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE, MR. SPARROW... ALL MADE OUT AND SIGNED. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...?
T-THANKS, DOC... I'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT. THERE'S THE UNDERTAKER TO CALL... AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY. I'LL MANAGE.
THAT SERUM WORKED PERFECTLY.. FOOLED THE DOCTOR COMPLETELY! AND THE DEATH CERTIFICATE... ALL WE NEED TO COLLECT THAT MONEY FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! HEH HEH! NOT A BAD LITTLE SWINDLE!

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SPARROW FAMILY CEMETERY, A TRAGIC CEREMONY TOOK PLACE...

NANCY'D GET A LAUGH OUT OF THIS, IF SHE COULD WATCH! BUT SHE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS IN THAT BOX... PROBABLY DREAMING OF OUR SUDDEN WEALTH! I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP, SO I COULD GET BACK TO THE HOUSE AND POUR MYSELF A DRINK...

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS FINALLY TOOK THEIR LEAVE, AND TOM HURRIED BACK TO "SPARROW'S NEST"...

I THOUGHT THOSE JERKS WOULD NEVER LEAVE! I'LL SNEAK BACK TO THE GRAVEYARD TOMORROW NIGHT AND DIG HER UP AND... W-WHAT'S THAT? M-MUST BE THE DOORBELL...

RINNN-GGG!

SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MR. SPARROW... I'M FROM THE ACME INSURANCE COMPANY. AS SOON AS I HEARD OF YOUR WIFE'S DEATH, I HURRIED OVER...

I-INSURANCE COMPANY? T-THERE'S... SOMETHING... WRONG?

JUST A ROUTINE CHECK, SIR. IT'S CUSTOMARY IN CASES WHERE INSURED PEOPLE DIE SOON AFTER A POLICY IS GRANTED FOR OUR OWN DOCTOR TO EXAMINE THE BODY. I'M AFRAID THE CORPSE WILL HAVE TO BE EXHUMED. WILL THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW BE ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES... SURE....!

DAY AFTER TOMORROW? THE SERUM WILL HAVE WORN OFF BY THAT TIME, AND WHEN THEY OPEN THE COFFIN THEY'LL FIND NANCY ALIVE AND GRINNING! AND A SECOND INJECTION, SOON AFTER THE FIRST, WOULD BE **DEADLY!**

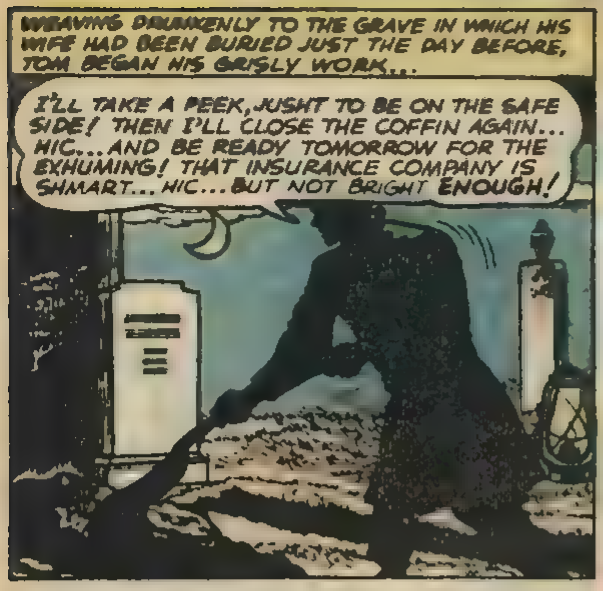
W-WAIT... THAT'S THE ANSWER! **DEADLY!** I CAN ARRANGE **THAT** TOO! FOR A HUNDRED GRAND IT'S WORTH IT! AND I WON'T HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH ANYONE! NO MONEY WASTED ON SILLY DRESSES, FURS... IT'LL BE ALL **MINE!**

RECIPES

SUGAR

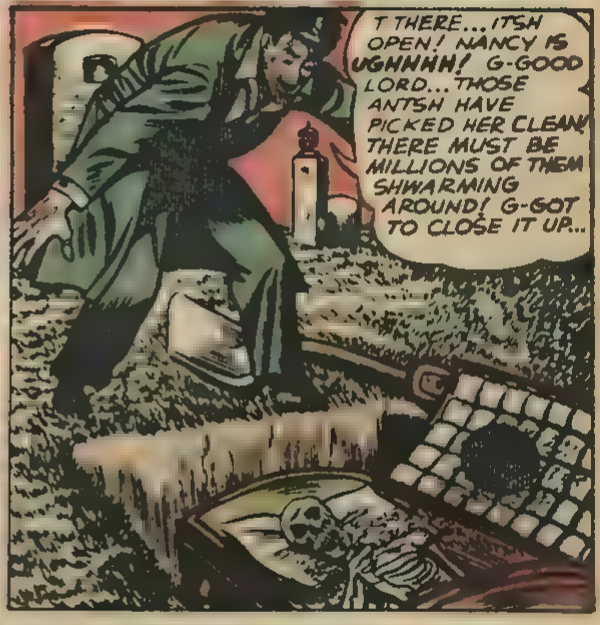
SALT

I COULD DIG HER UP AND KILL HER, BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY DOCTOR WOULD SEE THE TELL-TALE MARKS... THEN THEY'D NEVER PAY! BUT THIS WAY... WITH A LITTLE SUGAR POURED DOWN THE AIR HOLE... SHE'LL DIE AND THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT HOW!
THAT SUGAR WILL KILL NANCY... JUST AS CERTAINLY AS IF I'D POISONED HER! AND IN SUCH A WAY THAT NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT I HAD A HAND IN HER DEATH! AHHH... JUST WHAT I NEED!
ANTS WILL DO THE JOB FOR ME! A COUPLE OF ANT-HILLS LIKE THIS... DUMPED DOWN THAT AIR-HOLE... WILL SWARM ALL OVER NANCY, TO GET AT THE SUGAR IN THE COFFIN!
DOWN YOU GO, YOU HUNGRY LITTLE MONSTERS! I MUST'VE DUMPED HUNDREDS DOWN THERE ALREADY! THEY'LL MAKE A SPLENDID MEAL OF NANCY, AFTER THEY FINISH THE SUGAR.. MANGLE HER SO HORRIBLY THAT ONE LOOK SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR THAT SNOOPY DOCTOR! HEH HEH!
AND THAT COFFIN IS SO SMALL THAT SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT BACK... DEFEND HERSELF FROM THIS SWARM OF HIDEOUS KILLERS! THERE WON'T BE MUCH LEFT BY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW...
TOM SPARROW HURRIED AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY, TO GLOAT OVER HIS TRIUMPH. ALL THE NEXT DAY HE DRANK TO HIS VICTORY...
ISH NIGHT... HIC... TIME FOR ME TO GO BACK AND MAKE SURE NANCY'SH GOOD AND DEAD! THEN, TOMORROW, THAT DOCTOR CAN DO ALL THE EXAMINING HE WANTSH... HEE HEE!

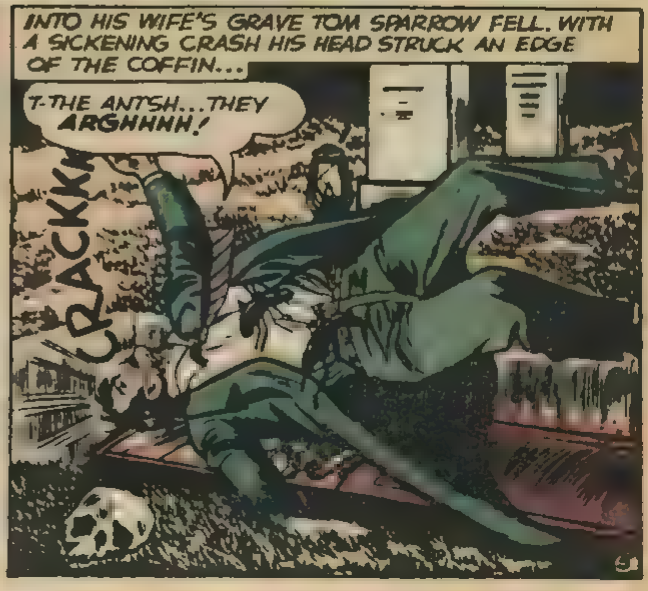

WEAVING DRUNKENLY TO THE GRAVE IN WHICH HIS WIFE HAD BEEN BURIED JUST THE DAY BEFORE, TOM BEGAN HIS GRISLY WORK...
I'LL TAKE A PEEK, JUSHT TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE! THEN I'LL CLOSE THE COFFIN AGAIN... HIC... AND BE READY TOMORROW FOR THE EXHUMING! THAT INSURANCE COMPANY IS SHMART... HIC... BUT NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH!

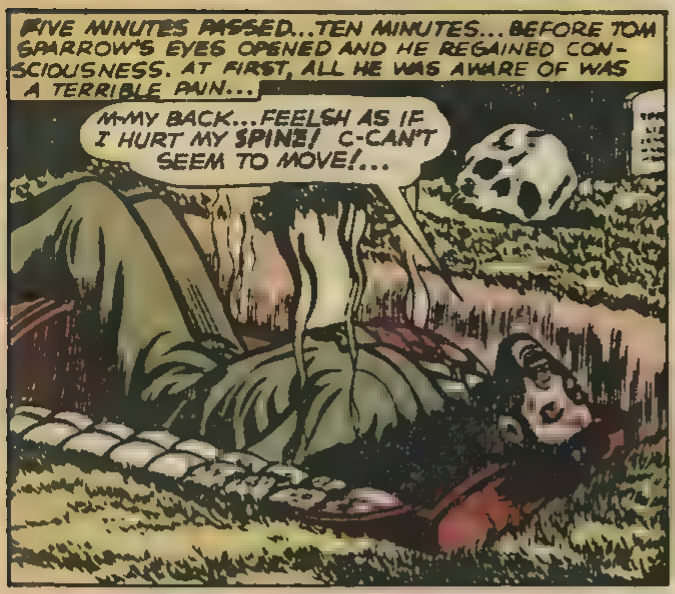
THERE IT IS, NICE AND SHINY! A LOT OF WORK... HIC... BUT WORTH $100,000! NOW TO OPEN THE COFFIN...

THE GRAVE... HIC... ISH FULL OF ANTS! THAT SUGAR ATTRACTED THEM BY THE THOUSANDSH! THE GROUNDSH FULL OF THEM... GOOD GROUNDSH FOR THISH KIND OF MURDER! HEE HEE HEE!

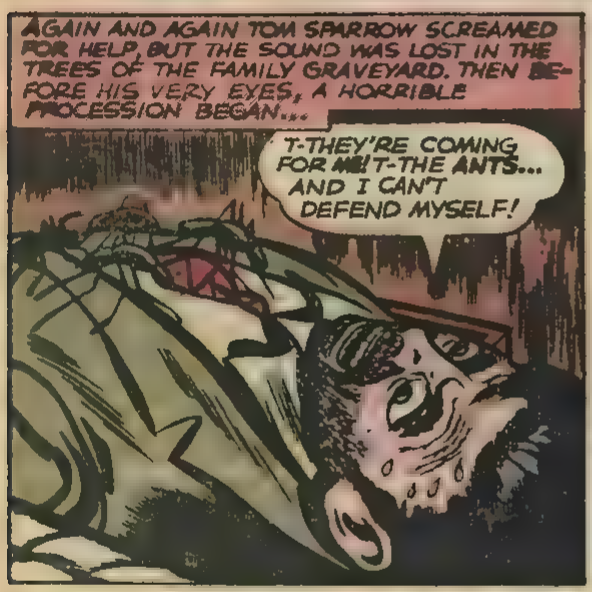

T THERE... ITSH OPEN! NANCY IS UGHHHH! G-GOOD LORD... THOSE ANTSH HAVE PICKED HER CLEAN! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF THEM SHWARMING AROUND! G-GOT TO CLOSE IT UP...

MORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SAW, TOM SPARROW STEPPED BACK. HIS FOOT STRUCK THE SHOVEL AND, IN HIS DRUNKEN STUPOR, HE LOST HIS BALANCE...
G-GOTTA GET AWAY FROM.... OOOOPS! I-I'M FALLING..... DOWN THERE!

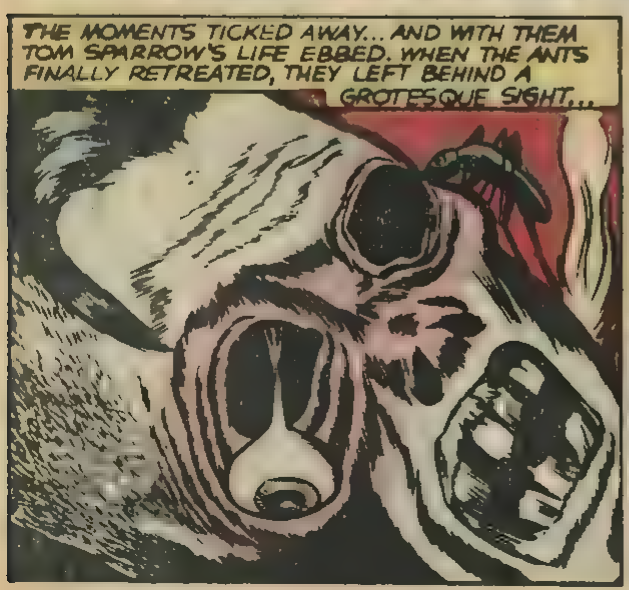

INTO HIS WIFE'S GRAVE TOM SPARROW FELL. WITH A SICKENING CRASH HIS HEAD STRUCK AN EDGE OF THE COFFIN...
T-THE ANTSH... THEY ARGHHHH!
CRACKK

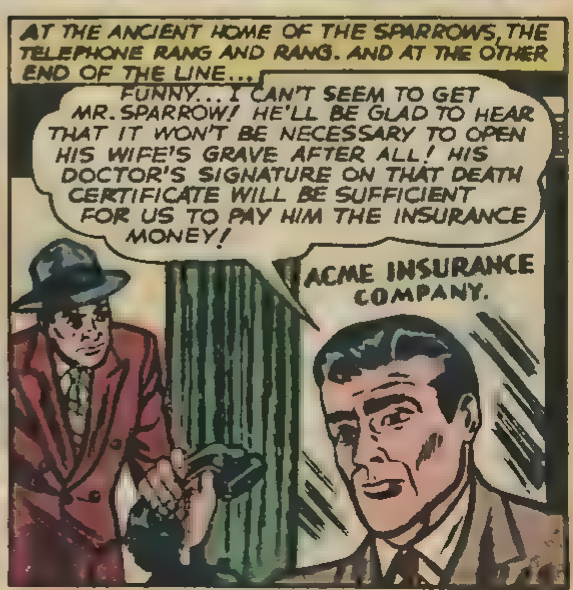

FIVE MINUTES PASSED...TEN MINUTES... BEFORE TOM SPARROW'S EYES OPENED AND HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. AT FIRST, ALL HE WAS AWARE OF WAS A TERRIBLE PAIN...
M-MY BACK...FEELSH AS IF I HURT MY SPINE! C-CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!...

I-I'M PARALYZED! CAN'T MOVE ANYTHING... TRAPPED HERE!


AGAIN AND AGAIN TOM SPARROW SCREAMED FOR HELP, BUT THE SOUND WAS LOST IN THE TREES OF THE FAMILY GRAVEYARD. THEN BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, A HORRIBLE PROCESSION BEGAN...
T-THEY'RE COMING FOR ME! T-THE ANTS... AND I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF!

N-NO...NO! T-THEY'RE CLOGGING MY NOSE... MY EYES... BUTCHERING ME!


THE MOMENTS TICKED AWAY... AND WITH THEM TOM SPARROW'S LIFE EBBED. WHEN THE ANTS FINALLY RETREATED, THEY LEFT BEHIND A GROTESQUE SIGHT...

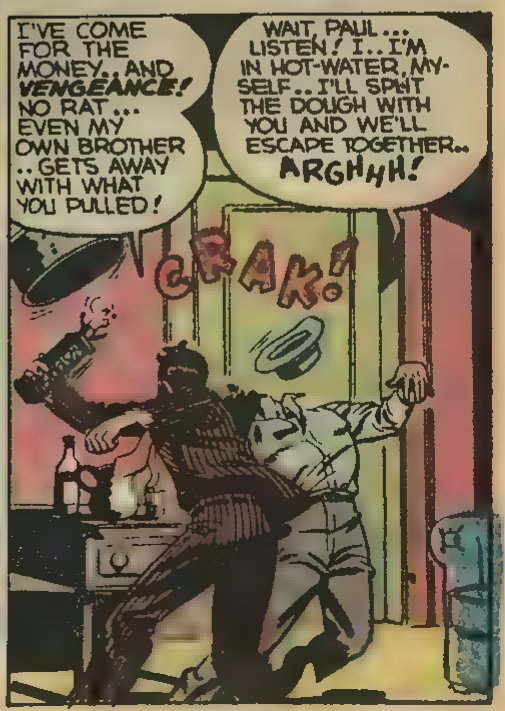

AT THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE SPARROWS, THE TELEPHONE RANG AND RANG. AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...
FUNNY... I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MR. SPARROW! HE'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO OPEN HIS WIFE'S GRAVE AFTER ALL! HIS DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE ON THAT DEATH CERTIFICATE WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR US TO PAY HIM THE INSURANCE MONEY!
ACME INSURANCE COMPANY.

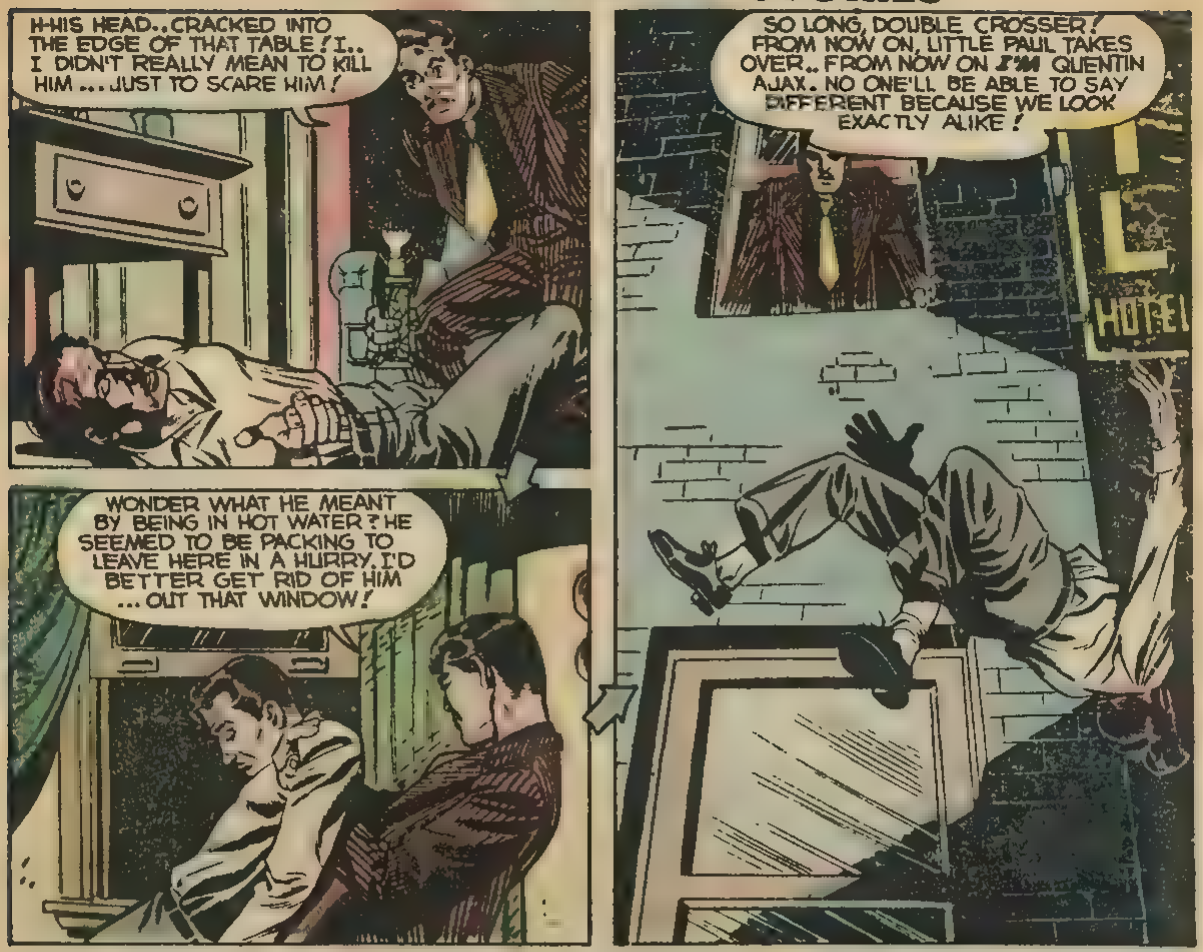
PAUL AJAX HAD SWORN VENGEANCE ON HIS TWIN BROTHER, QUENTIN, THE NEXT TIME THEY MET. AND HERE THEY WERE...

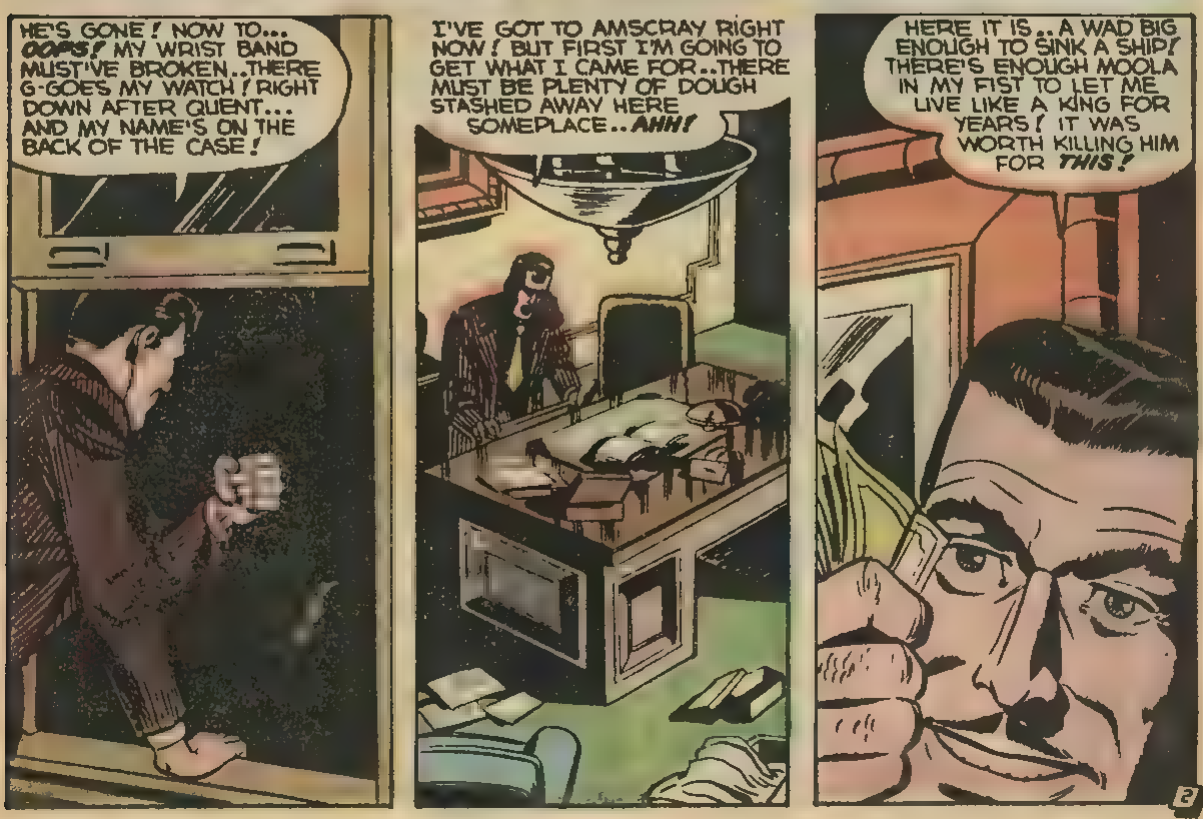
FACE TO FACE

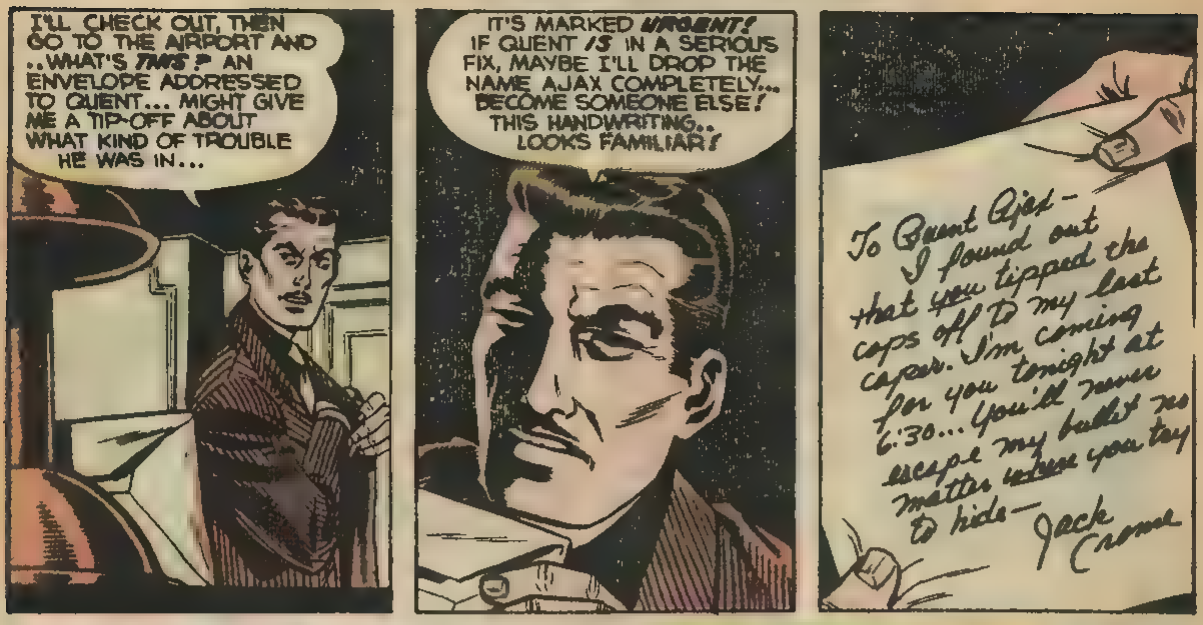
WHO IS IT? W-WHAT.. PAUL! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? I.. I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN.. IN..
IN PRISON, DEAR BROTHER? I WAS.... UNTIL THIS MORNING.. I ESCAPED! IT TOOK ALL THE MONEY I HAD, PLUS SEVERAL HOURS OF SNOOPING AROUND..TO FIND YOU! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING LITTLE...
DICK GIORDANO

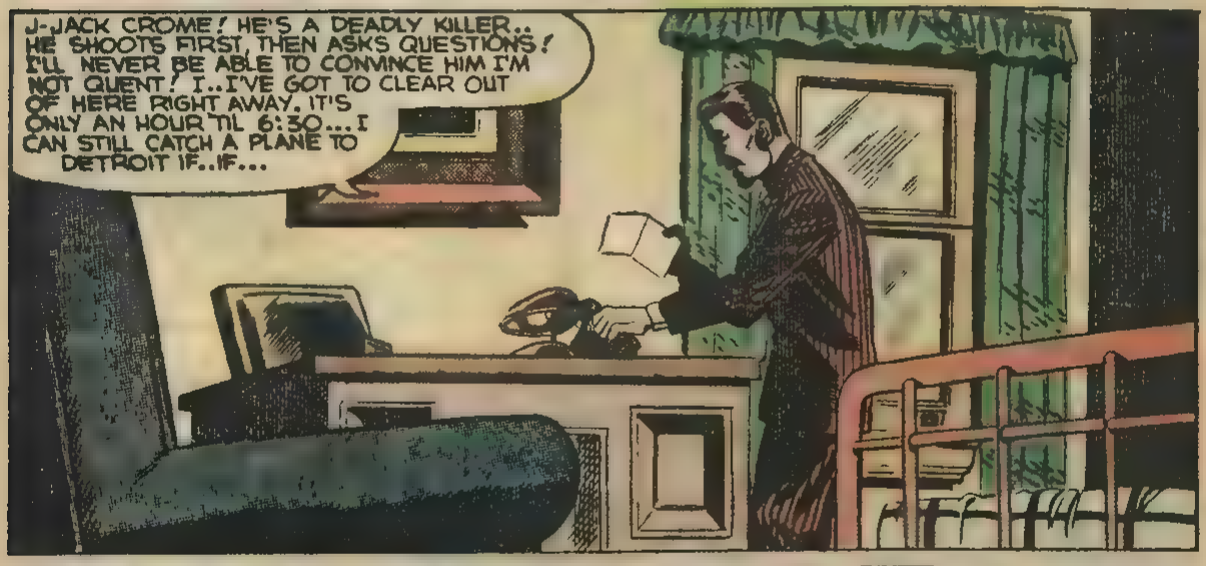
Y-YOU'RE ALL WRONG... IT WASN'T MY TESTIMONY THAT SENT YOU TO JAIL! THEY HAD US TRAPPED FOR THAT SWINDLE WE PULLED .. ONE OF US HAD TO PAY THE PENALTY FOR IT...
SO YOU DECIDED I WOULD KILL TIME BEHIND PRISON WALLS, EH? AND YOU WOULD POCKET THE DOUGH WE GRABBED!

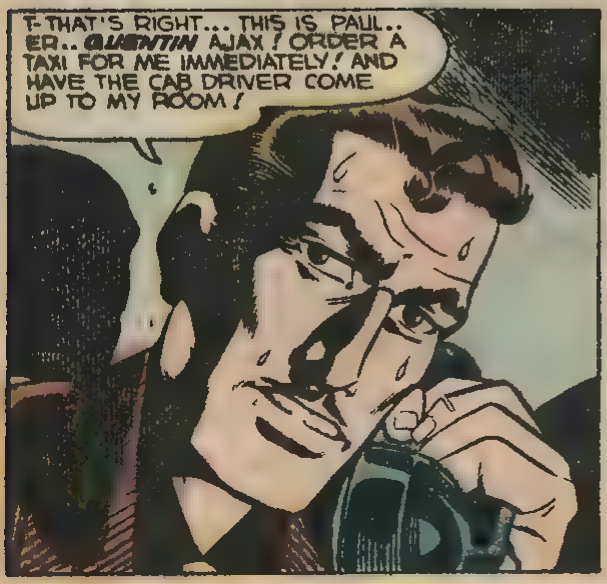

I'VE COME FOR THE MONEY.. AND VENGEANCE! NO RAT... EVEN MY OWN BROTHER .. GETS AWAY WITH WHAT YOU PULLED!
WAIT, PAUL... LISTEN! I.. I'M IN HOT-WATER, MYSELF.. I'LL SPLIT THE DOUGH WITH YOU AND WE'LL ESCAPE TOGETHER.. ARGHHH!
CRAK!

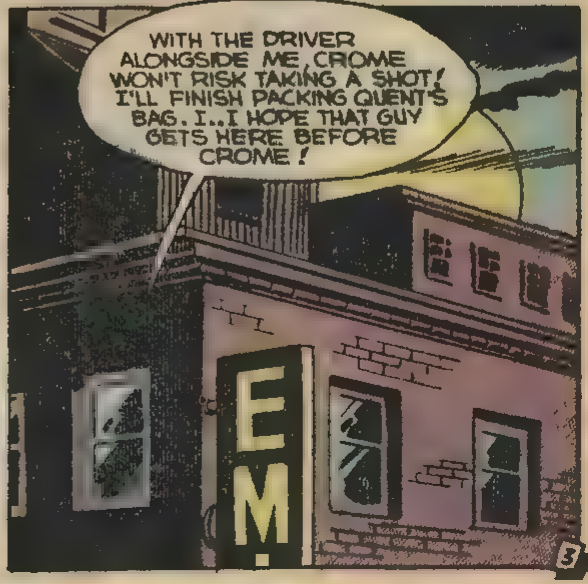

H-HIS HEAD..CRACKED INTO THE EDGE OF THAT TABLE! I.. I DIDN'T REALLY MEAN TO KILL HIM ... JUST TO SCARE HIM!
WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY BEING IN HOT WATER? HE SEEMED TO BE PACKING TO LEAVE HERE IN A HURRY. I'D BETTER GET RID OF HIM ... OUT THAT WINDOW!
SO LONG, DOUBLE CROSSER! FROM NOW ON, LITTLE PAUL TAKES OVER.. FROM NOW ON I'M QUENTIN AJAX. NO ONE'LL BE ABLE TO SAY DIFFERENT BECAUSE WE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE!
HOTEL


HE'S GONE! NOW TO... OOPS! MY WRIST BAND MUST'VE BROKEN..THERE G-GOES MY WATCH! RIGHT DOWN AFTER QUENT... AND MY NAME'S ON THE BACK OF THE CASE!
I'VE GOT TO AMSCRAY RIGHT NOW! BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO GET WHAT I CAME FOR..THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF DOUGH STASHED AWAY HERE SOMEPLACE.. AHH!
HERE IT IS.. A WAD BIG ENOUGH TO SINK A SHIP! THERE'S ENOUGH MOOLA IN MY FIST TO LET ME LIVE LIKE A KING FOR YEARS! IT WAS WORTH KILLING HIM FOR THIS!


I'LL CHECK OUT, THEN GO TO THE AIRPORT AND ..WHAT'S THIS? AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO QUENT... MIGHT GIVE ME A TIP-OFF ABOUT WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE HE WAS IN...
IT'S MARKED URGENT! IF QUENT IS IN A SERIOUS FIX, MAYBE I'LL DROP THE NAME AJAX COMPLETELY... BECOME SOMEONE ELSE! THIS HANDWRITING.. LOOKS FAMILIAR!
To Quent Ajax - I found out that you tipped the cops off to my last caper. I'm coming for you tonight at 6:30... You'll never escape my bullets no matter where you try to hide - Jack Crome


J-JACK CROME! HE'S A DEADLY KILLER.. HE SHOOTS FIRST, THEN ASKS QUESTIONS! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CONVINCE HIM I'M NOT QUENT! I..I'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE RIGHT AWAY. IT'S ONLY AN HOUR TIL 6:30... I CAN STILL CATCH A PLANE TO DETROIT IF..IF...


T-THAT'S RIGHT... THIS IS PAUL.. ER.. QUENTIN AJAX! ORDER A TAXI FOR ME IMMEDIATELY! AND HAVE THE CAB DRIVER COME UP TO MY ROOM!


WITH THE DRIVER ALONGSIDE ME, CROME WON'T RISK TAKING A SHOT! I'LL FINISH PACKING QUENT'S BAG. I..I HOPE THAT GUY GETS HERE BEFORE CROME!
EM

ONCE I REACH DETROIT, I CAN DOUBLE BACK ON MY PATH AND CROSS UP BOTH CROME AND THE COPS! W-WHAT'S THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK
H-HE CERTAINLY GOT HERE FAST... MOST CABBIES LIKE TO TAKE THEIR TIME AND.. GOOD LORD! WHOEVER IT IS.. HAS A M-MASTER KEY TO THIS PLACE! T-THEY'RE COMING IN!
M-MAYBE IT IS THE CAB DRIVER! OR PERHAPS THE COPS'VE ALREADY FOUND QUENT'S BODY.. AND MY WATCH BESIDE IT! THAT'S WHO IT IS... COPS! WITH A MURDER RAP TO PIN ON ME!
OR..OR IT COULD BE JACK CROME! COMING HERE TO GET QUENT BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! ..A BULLET INTENDED FOR MY BROTHER, BUT FATED TO KILL ME!
NO PLACE TO HIDE... I'M TRAPPED!
DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU?

WHO DID PAUL AJAX SEE? THE **POLICE?** ..OR DEADLY **JACK CROME?** ..OR SOMEONE ELSE? SEND **YOUR** IDEA OF THE ENDING TO "FACE TO FACE" TO: ALFRED V. FAGO, 400 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES." THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE **FULL CREDIT...** AND **$10 IN CASH!**

M'BATU

There was silence in the great hall as Chief Jirilo. Kaphet arose to speak, a giant dressed in an immaculate white suit. He was about six feet seven and towered over the men standing before him. As hereditary head of the Ma-Weru tribe he had come to plead his case before the trusteeship Council. He spoke in Swahili, the tongue most frequently used in his area of Tanganyika.

"For more than six hundred years my people have lived peacefully on our lands. Once we were a fiery nation willing to fight anyone regardless of the odds against us. But we learned to be farmers and to take care of cattle. Now we have been forced to move to an area in the south. Because of the meager rainfall and the tsetse flies this new home is not suitable for us. We wish to return to the land of our fathers where our dead are buried."

The Honorable John P. Meadly, a Canadian-born lawyer, who had spent five years in Tanganyika, had been asked to plead the cause of the tribe. He went to the microphone and translated the plea of the chief, word for word. For half an hour the council debated and then gave its verdict.

"According to the treaty of 1938 entered into legally by the now departed chief Moli-Garu and the authorities concerned, there was a legal right to move the tribe to another home provided the land on which they had lived could be more profitably used by another group of people."

Then the Honorable John P. Meadly translated the decision of the council for the benefit of the chief. The two men talked together for about ten minutes and then suddenly the face of the lawyer became pale. One of the members of the council rushed to him.

"Anything wrong? Want me to call a doctor? You look as though you got sick because of something the chief said. Mind telling me what happened?"

"You won't believe it, but I might as well tell you right now what is going to happen in Tanganyika. The Chief is going back to the graves of his ancestors. Since he is also a medicine man he will use M'Batu, which is what you call Black Magic. With this power he will drive the settlers out of the land."

The man looked at the attorney trying to decide whether or not he was jesting. Much against his own common sense he was forced to conclude this was no joke. But to make certain he asked but one more question.

"You don't really believe in this Black Magic?"

And the reply was one that Dr. Hendericks Cuko, recording secretary of the Trusteeship Council was never to forget.

"Not only do I believe in it, but I have seen it work. And mark my word, within one month there won't be a settler in that area. The tribe will then be able to return legally because the area will have to be classified as unsuitable."

By auto caravan the modern settlers under Philip McEntery had come to the former homeland of the Ma-Weru tribe. But there was one fact that disturbed the leader of the settlers.

"Any time the natives want to visit the cemetery we must give them permission. This I do

not like. They are out there now with their leader performing some kind of crazy rites."

There was no moon in the sky as Chief Jirilo Kaphet and a dozen of his tribesmen squatted on the ground of their cemetery. The Chief arose and then performed a short dance, dressed in animal skins. In his right hand he had a golden spear, the symbol of his authority.

"Hear me, the spirits of my ancestors," he chanted in a monotone. "We are now in the eyes of other people like children. Once we were a proud and fierce nation. But I have seen the birds that fly in the sky and drop death that blows up entire villages. I have seen guns that spit thousands of deaths within a short space of time. We have no weapons like this. But we do have M'Batu. I call upon you, Seri Gashi, our greatest chief and medicine man, to rise from your grave and show us the path to victory."

Slowly a portion of the ground separated and first there appeared a withered hand. Then came the rest of the body and a man that had been dead for three hundred years came back to perform his mission as a medicine man.

"On behalf of all these dead but not without the spirit to return, I shall help regain your land. We shall join together and win a victory. We strike when the moon is full."

It was on a Thursday night that the moon was full. Philip McEntery was walking with some of his men. His heart was full of pride as he looked at the houses that had been built in such a short span of time. Suddenly a fly bit his cheek and he instinctively raised his hand to strike it. But he missed and then several other flies went for his right hand. He turned to his companion and spoke.

"There shouldn't be any flies in this area. Better check with Dr. Jaimson. Be certain there is screening and netting over every window and door."

Not a person slept that night. It seemed that the flies were so small they could actually enter the tiny spaces in the screening and netting. As Philip McEntery was later to tell a group of newspapermen, "I know this sounds crazy but everyone who was there will back me up. Once in a room, those flies became gigantic in size. You would swat at them but they weren't like any kind of flies we had ever seen in that part of Africa. They were quicker than the eye."

And Dr. Jaimson had something else to add to the story. As a medical man his words bore weight.

"I used that new chemical, DX-12, and they would fall to the floor. But when we approached them it looked as though they were making an effort, I would almost call it a human effort, to again fly. And that is just what happened. Finally we had to stop using DX-12, as it began to affect our women and children."

At the end of three days the livestock that had been brought by the settlers became infected by the attacks of these terrible flies. A cow would slump to the ground and remain in a kind of coma and finally die. It was when the women all started to become hysterical that the final decision was made.

"As leader of this group," said Philip McEntery, "I feel we should vote upon the matter. The question is simple. Shall we try to fight against these flies and perhaps suffer death, or shall we return to the coast and look for better land?"

The men discussed the matter without bitterness. There was a peculiar tired feeling that had overcome the entire group, a feeling of despondency. One of the men voiced his thoughts to his friends.

"I'm not a coward. At my age you aren't exactly afraid of death when you have lived more than half a century. But I have seen things other men would laugh at. Years ago you might have called it Black Magic. There is some kind of powerful force opposed to us. We aren't wanted here. And maybe we don't really belong here. If I had to fight with a gun or my bare hands against a human enemy, I would. Let's get out of here before it is too late. Put it to a vote."

There wasn't a single dissenting vote and all their possessions were piled high upon the overloaded trucks. As they started for the coast, Philip McEntery made a suggestion.

"I should like to put the torch to our buildings."

But Dr. Jaimson countered that suggestion with some common sense.

"If the wind shifted we might all be trapped and be burned to death. Let the buildings remain there. The area can be classified as unsuitable."

Just as the last truck was about to leave, a fly went straight for Philip McEntery's face. He struck at it and watched it fly away as though it were limping.

There was silence in the great hall as Chief Jirilo Kaphet spoke.

"I wish to thank you all for classifying the area as unsuitable. My tribe has returned to its ancient home, and we are amply repaid for all our sufferings. The settlers left their homes intact and we now inhabit them."

Dr. Hendericks Cukor, recording secretary, remarked to the attorney.

"The Chief must have had an accident. I notice he walks with a slight limp. But he certainly has the interests of his people at heart."

THE END

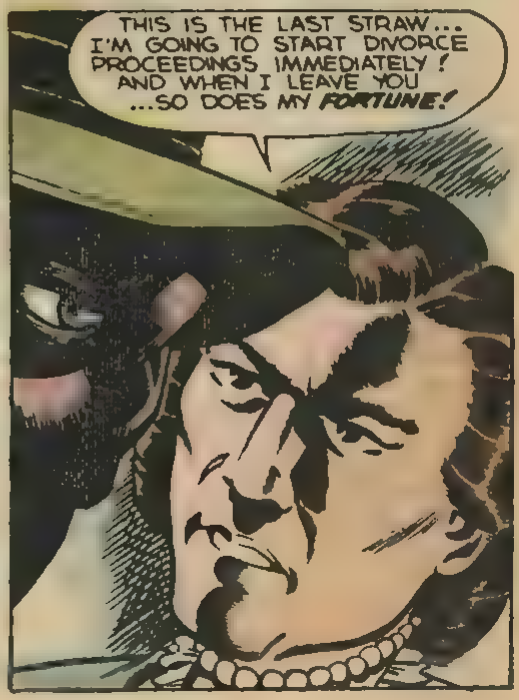
NEVILLE PRATT DEVISED AN INGENIOUS PLAN TO PLUNGE HIS HATED WIFE FROM HER PENTHOUSE SUITE STRAIGHT DOWN TO A SUDDEN...

DEAD END!

THE ELEVATOR'S STARTING TO DROP NOW! WITHOUT A GUIDE CABLE, IT'LL DROP EDNA TO HER DEATH! TIME FOR ME TO STEP OUT... AND PREPARE TO WEEP AT HER FUNERAL!
DICK SUMMO

ON THE LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT ATOP A FASHIONABLE PARK AVENUE BUILDING, A FURIOUS DOMESTIC ARGUMENT CAME TO AN ABRUPT END...

B-BUT, EDNA.. I NEEDED THE MONEY! I'LL REPLACE IT IN OUR JOINT BANK ACCOUNT AS SOON AS...
GET OUT, YOU CHEATING LIAR! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU FOR A LIFETIME! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A MALE GOLD-DIGGER!



TRY TO RUN OUT ON ME, WILL SHE? WHAT EDNA DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT I'M AWARE THAT YOURS TRULY IS STILL LISTED AS THE HEIR TO HER DOUGH. AND I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT HER WILL DOESN'T CHANGE BEFORE SHE DIES!

I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE THE WILL! ONLY QUESTION IS.. HOW DO I KILL THE CURSED WITCH?... THAT'S IT! THE ELEVATOR!

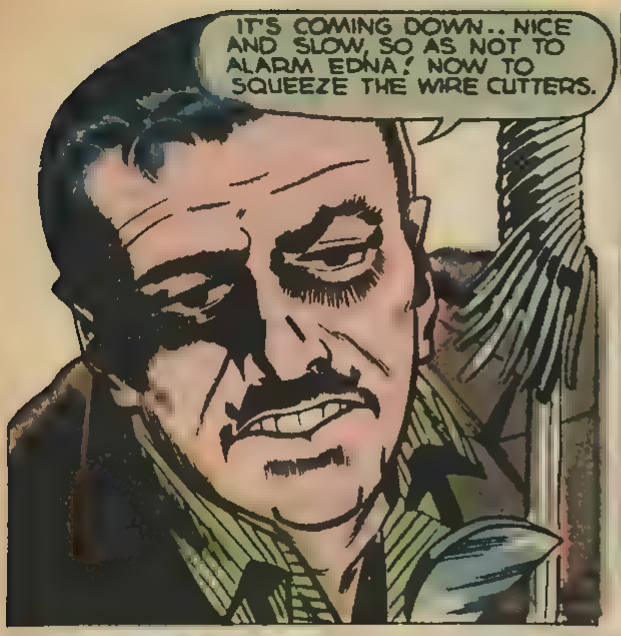
IF EDNA SHOULD HAPPEN TO EXPIRE AS THE RESULT OF A DREADFUL ELEVATOR ACCIDENT ...WHO COULD BLAME HER BEREAVED HUSBAND? AND SINCE THIS BUILDING AND ELEVATOR ARE SO OLD... THERE MIGHT BE A TRAGIC MISHAP AT ANY TIME! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE IT HAPPEN!
BASEMENT

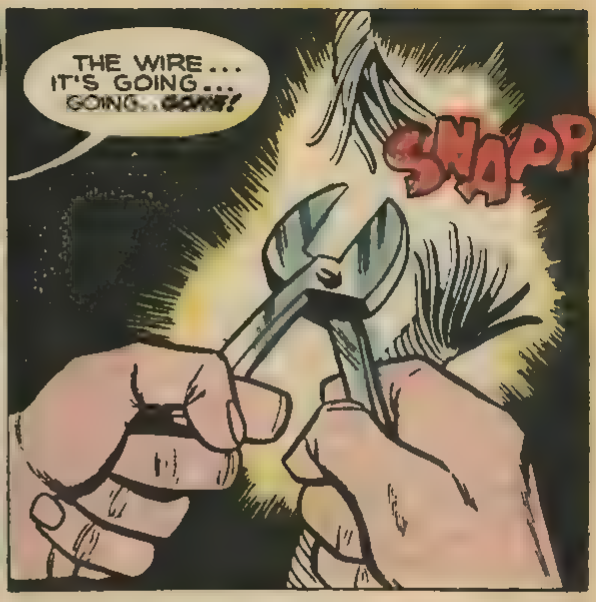
THESE SIGNS... THEY'VE BEEN POSTED OFTEN ENOUGH NOT TO AROUSE ANY SUSPICION ON THE PART OF THE OTHER TENANTS! THEY'LL KEEP EVERYONE BUT EDNA FROM USING THE ELEVATOR AFTER I'VE FIXED IT TO SUIT MY NEEDS!
OUT OF ORDER

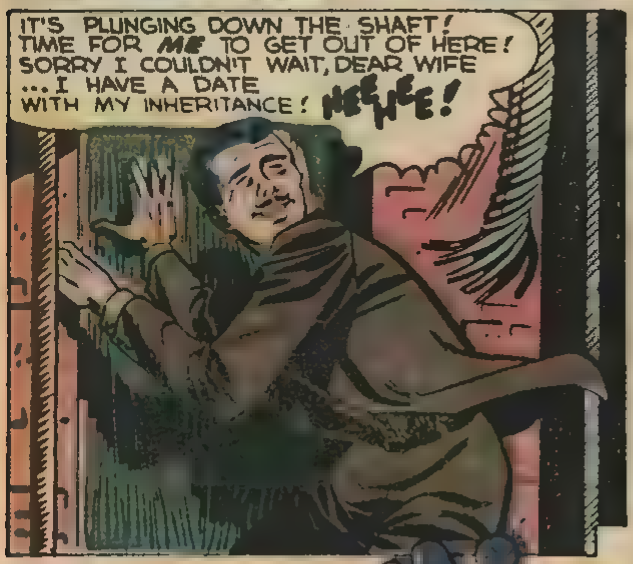
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
HELLO.. EDNA? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED...CAN YOU MEET ME AT THE OFFICE IN HALF AN HOUR? YES.. URGENT!

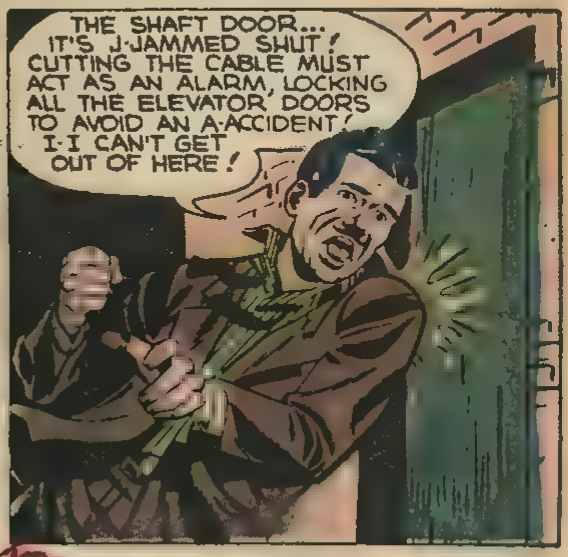
THINKS HE CAN GET ME TO CHANGE MY MIND? I'LL MEET THE NITWIT... THEN HURRY OVER TO MY LAWYERS! MY WILL IS GOING TO BE ALTERED,TOO! I'LL DROP HIM DOWN A PEG OR TWO!

MEANWHILE, IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT...
SHE FELL FOR IT... HARD! SHE'LL BE RINGING FOR THE ELEVATOR IN A FEW MINUTES! I'LL BE READY... AND SO WILL THESE WIRE CUTTERS!
OUR APARTMENT'S THE ONLY ONE ON THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR... AND THE OTHER TENANTS WILL STEER CLEAR OF THE ELEVATOR BECAUSE OF THOSE SIGNS I TAPED ON THE DOORS! MY LOVELY WIFE WILL USE IT NEXT! HEE HEE! UGH.. THE STRANDS OF THIS CONTROL CABLE ARE TOUGH!
ENOUGH WIRE LEFT TO GET IT UP TO THE PENTHOUSE! THEN..HEH HEH.. WHEN EDNA STEPS INTO IT, SHE'LL BE DROPPING IN ON ME WITHIN SECONDS!
THE MINUTES TICKED BY AND THE TENSION MOUNTED.
EDNA'S PUNCTUAL. SHE'LL BE LEAVING THE APARTMENT IN A MINUTE!
AH! THERE GOES THE SIGNAL! IT MUST BE STARTING UP TOWARD HER NOW. SHE'S ON THE THRESHOLD OF HER LAST RIDE!
IT'S UP THERE NOW... DOOR'S OPENING! EDNA'S GETTING IN! EXTREMELY CALM, I'LL BET, FOR A WOMAN WITH ONLY A FEW MORE SECONDS TO LIVE!

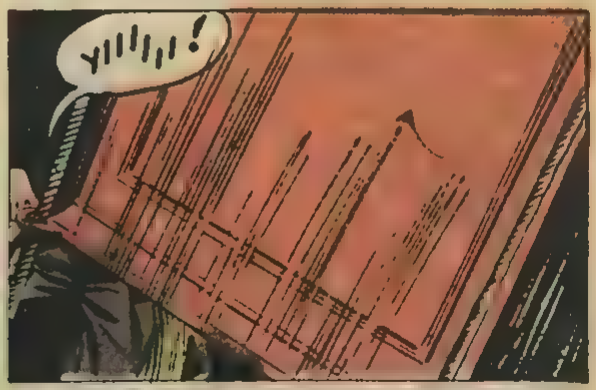





IT'S PLUNGING DOWN THE SHAFT! TIME FOR ME TO GET OUT OF HERE! SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT, DEAR WIFE ...I HAVE A DATE WITH MY INHERITANCE! HEE HEE!


THE SHAFT DOOR... IT'S J-JAMMED SHUT! CUTTING THE CABLE MUST ACT AS AN ALARM, LOCKING ALL THE ELEVATOR DOORS TO AVOID AN A-ACCIDENT! I-I CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE!

WITH A TERRIFYING SCREECH, THE PLUMMETING ELEVATOR DROPPED DOWN... DOWN...



...WHILE UP ON THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR, EDNA WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR THE ELEVATOR WHICH SHE HAD RELEASED A MOMENT BEFORE, IN ORDER TO RE-ENTER HER APARTMENT TO GET HER LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT FOR DELIVERY TO HER LAWYERS!

DENNIS PRATT HUNGERED FOR HIS FAMILY'S FORTUNE. BUT WHEN HIS SISTER DEBORAH STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND THE RICHES HE COVETED, THIS SINISTER CHEMIST RESOLVED TO PUT HER TO THE...

ACID TEST

I MURDERED YOU SO SKILLFULLY, DEAR FATHER, THAT NO ONE WILL EVER DISCOVER MY CRIME! NOW THE PRATT FORTUNE IS HALF *MINE!*

FUNERA

COME, DEBORAH..YOU'VE ALREADY DISPLAYED TOO MUCH WEAKNESS! THE PRATTS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE *STRONG!*

I CAN'T HELP IT, DENNIS..H-HE WENT SO FAST, ONCE HE BECAME ILL... ALMOST AS IF SOME EVIL POWER WAS AT WORK ON HIM!

IN A WEEK, FOOL, *YOU* WILL ALSO FALL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THAT EVIL POWER! THEN THE *ENTIRE* PRATT INHERITANCE WILL BE MINE!

T-TAKE ME HOME, DENNIS ...I..I FEEL ILL!

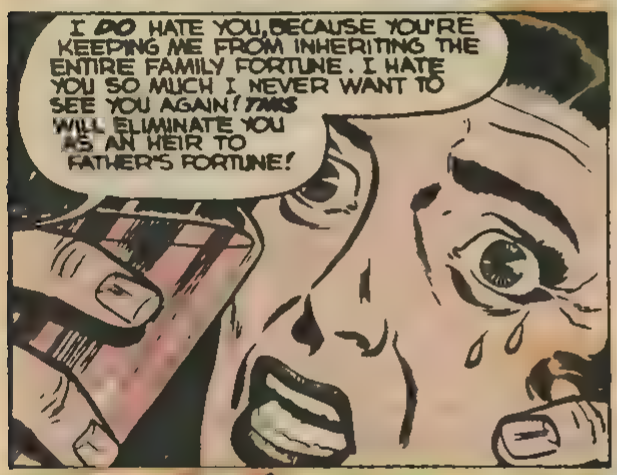
DEBORAH PRATT *WAS* ILL...THE RESULT OF POISONS SUBTLY FED TO HER BY HER BROTHER. THEN, AFTER THE FUNERAL...

T-THE ROOM..IT.. IT'S SPINNING CRAZILY! AND M-MY THROAT... IT'S ON FIRE!

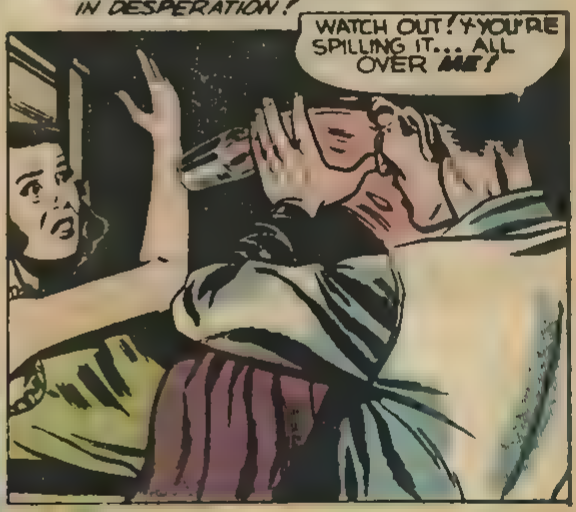
D-DOCTOR... CALL THE DOCTOR, DENNIS! PLEASE... *PLEASE!*

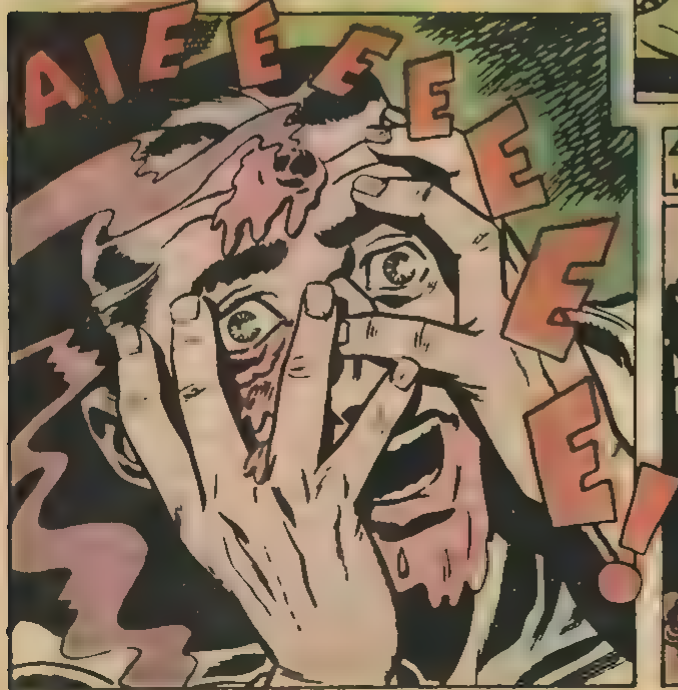
I, MYSELF, WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU IN THIS EMERGENCY, DEAR SISTER! YOU WILL RECEIVE THE MOST PAINSTAKING TREATMENT, I ASSURE YOU!

THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY AND DEBORAH FAILED TO RESPOND TO HER BROTHER'S CURIOUS MEDICATION.
COME! YOU MUST EAT IF YOU ARE TO REGAIN YOUR HEALTH!
NO MORE! I..I SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE! TOMORROW YOU MUST CALL THE DOCTOR...
THIS ACID I'VE DEVISED IS STRONG ENOUGH TO KILL HER THE MOMENT SHE SWALLOWS IT! SHE'S DEFIED MY EFFORTS SO FAR.. BUT SHE WILL FAIL THIS TEST..AND PAY WITH HER LIFE!
DEBORAH'S STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT! SHE'S SURVIVED THE DOSES OF POISON I'VE BEEN FEEDING HER... I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HER SOMETHING SPECIAL BEFORE A DOCTOR ARRIVES TO SAVE HER!
I'LL GIVE IT A LAST MINUTE TEST... AH! SEE HOW EASILY IT EATS THROUGH THE TABLE! IMAGINE WHAT IT'LL DO TO HER STOMACH WHEN SHE SWALLOWS A GLASSFULL!
I'LL POUR A POWDLE DOSE INTO THIS MEDICINE. SECONDS AFTER DEBORAH DRINKS IT, THE PRATT FORTUNE WILL BE ALL MINE!
HERE.. THIS CONCOCTION WILL EASE YOUR PAIN.. PERMANENTLY! HURRY..DRINK IT DOWN
W-WHAT IS IT? IT.. IT LOOKS SO STRANGE!

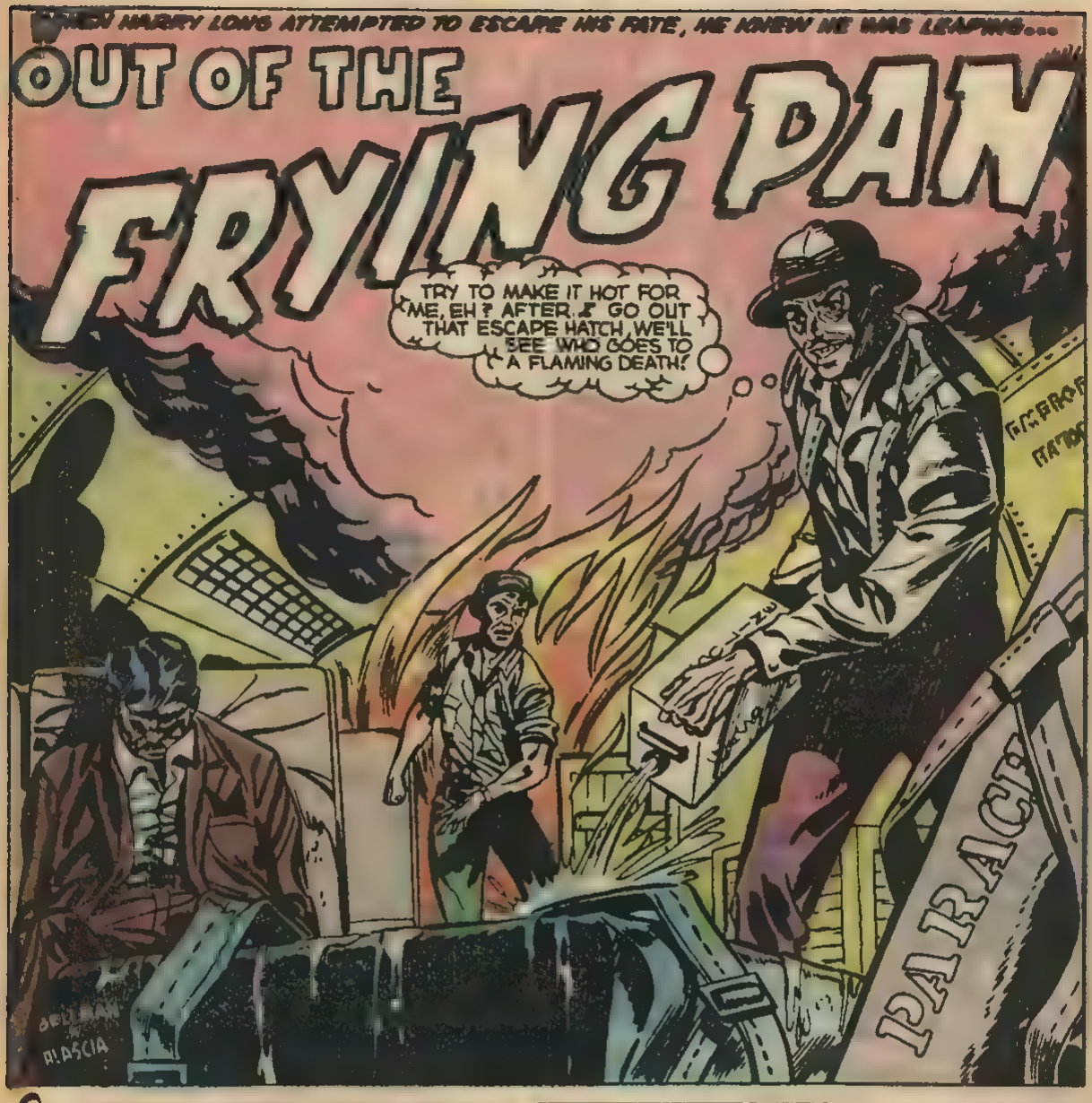

I DO HATE YOU, BECAUSE YOU'RE KEEPING ME FROM INHERITING THE ENTIRE FAMILY FORTUNE. I HATE YOU SO MUCH I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! THIS WILL ELIMINATE YOU AS AN HEIR TO FATHER'S FORTUNE!

SLOWLY THE GLASS IS FORCED TOWARD DEBORAH'S LIPS! THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DOOMED GIRL THRASHES OUT IN DESPERATION!

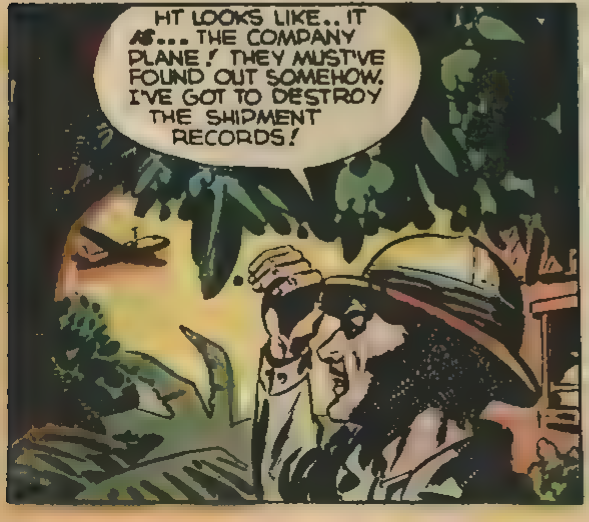


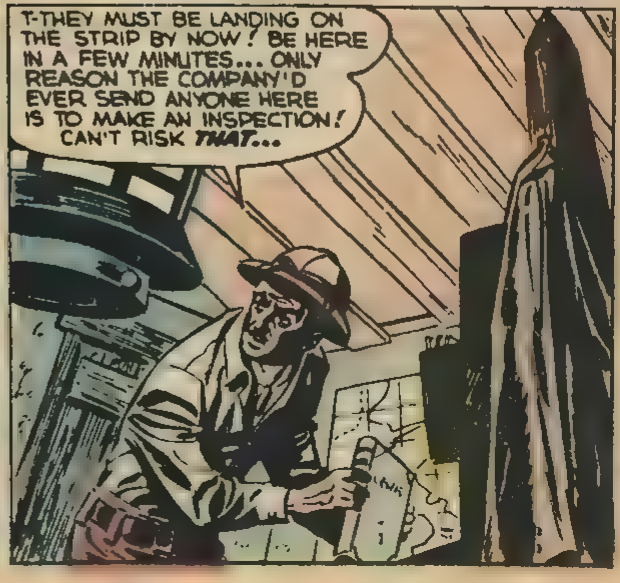


A FEW DAYS LATER THE GRUESOME REMAINS OF DENNIS PRATT ARE VIEWED BY A GIRL STILL WEAK AND SHAKY...


WHEN HARRY LONG ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE HIS FATE, HE KNEW HE WAS LEAPING...
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN
TRY TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ME, EH? AFTER I GO OUT THAT ESCAPE HATCH, WE'LL SEE WHO GOES TO A FLAMING DEATH!
PARACH

ON A RUBBER PLANTATION, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, HARRY LOOKED ALOFT ONE DAY AND SAW...

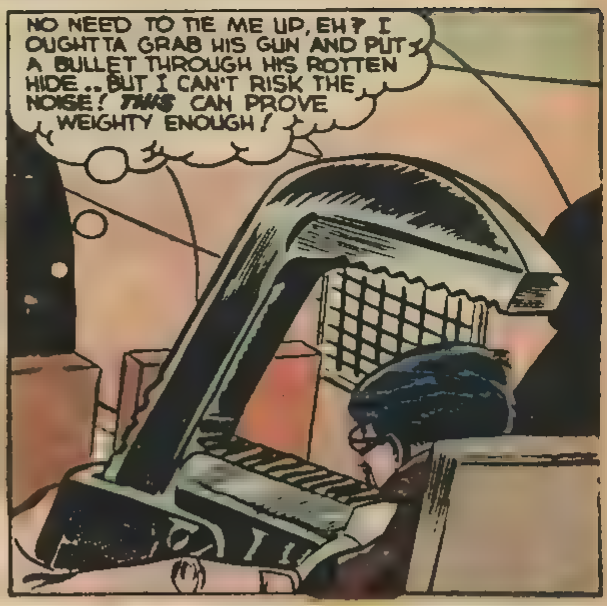



T-THEY MUST BE LANDING ON THE STRIP BY NOW! BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES... ONLY REASON THE COMPANY'D EVER SEND ANYONE HERE IS TO MAKE AN INSPECTION! CAN'T RISK THAT...

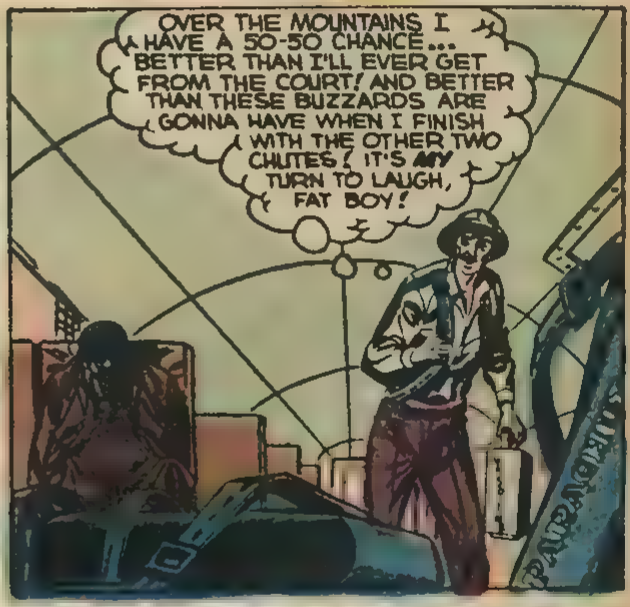
I'VE BEEN A FOOL! SHOULD'VE SET FIRE TO THESE LEDGERS A WEEK AGO! THOSE RUBBER SHIPMENTS I'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON... T-THEY'VE COME TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME! C'MON.. BLAM!
KNOCK IT OFF, LONG! YOU'RE COVERED... AND WE MEAN BUSINESS!
KIND OF UNUSUAL TO START A FIRE IN THIS JUNGLE HEAT! I'D STEP AWAY FROM THOSE FLAMES IF I WERE YOU, HARRY!
YOU'RE JUST AS SLOPPY IN DESTROYING EVIDENCE AS YOU ARE IN TRYING TO SWINDLE THE COMPANY!
NOTHING ON 'IM, MR. POWELL ..CLEAN AS A WHISTLE.
TSK, TSK! THOUGHTLESS OF YOU, HARRY! NOT PREPARED TO DEFEND YOURSELF.. OR DESTROY THESE RECORDS OF YOUR FRAUDULENT ACTIVITIES AGAINST THE COMPANY! ENOUGH STUFF IN THESE BOOKS TO SEND YOU TO THE PENAL ISLE FOR AT LEAST TEN YEARS!
NEVER MIND THE SERMON, CARL... PUT THE CUFFS ON ME AND LET'S GET MOVING!
NO NEED FOR THAT, HARRY! EVEN IF YOU DID GET OUT OF THE PLANE ALIVE, WHERE COULD YOU GO? THERE'S ONLY JUNGLES... OR THE MOUNTAINS! HEH! I DON'T THINK YOU'D TRY TO ESCAPE INTO THAT!
YOU DON'T HAVE THE BRAINS TO OUTWIT US UP AT HEADQUARTERS, HARRY.. HEH HEH... NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR TRYING!
WHY..YOU CRUMMY BAG OF LARD... I'LL...

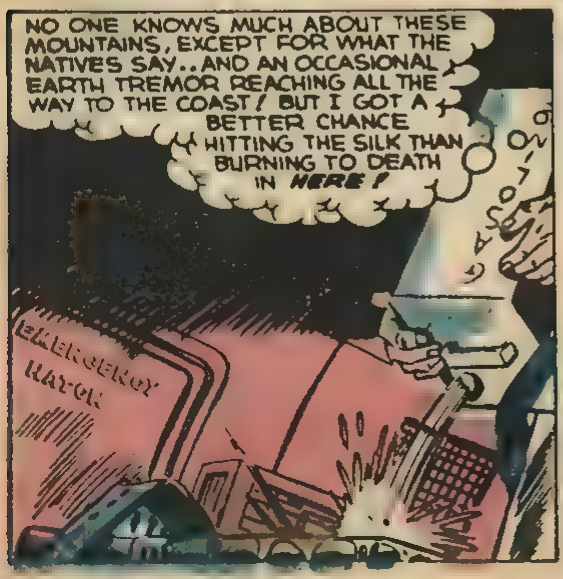
...TEAR YOU APART AND... ARGHHHH!
YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, CHISELER!
CUT IT SHORT, WISE GUY! YOU MAKE ANOTHER DIVE FOR MR. POWELL AND I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD OFF!
BETTER LISTEN TO HIM, HARRY.. AS I RECALL, PHIL ONCE SENT YOU TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A CRACKED JAW! NOW LET'S STOP THIS CHILDISHNESS.. THE PLANE'S WAITING!
YOU SIT NICE AND QUIET, SEE? IF I HEAR ONE YIP FROM MR. POWELL... YOU'LL NEVER EVEN GET BACK TO RAKAUB TO SERVE THAT PRISON TERM!
UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU DECIDE TO JUMP TO.. HEH.. YOUR CONCLUSION, HARRY!
T-TEN YEARS HARD LABOR ON ALLIGATOR ISLE! I.. I GOT TO BEAT THAT RAP.. AND SQUARE THINGS WITH POWELL AND HIS BULLY-BOY! B-BUT..
W-WE'RE CLEAR OF THE JUNGLE NOW.. HEADING OVER THE MOUNTAINS! N-NOT MUCH LONGER IF I'M GONNA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO FLY THE COOP! SAY.. I GOT AN IDEA! IT'S WORTH A TRY!
THE SKUNK IS FALLING ASLEEP! AND THE PARACHUTES... I SAW PHIL SET 'EM DOWN NEAR THE EMERGENCY DOOR! IF I CAN MAKE SURE POWELL DOESN'T YELL.. I STILL GOT A CHANCE!
ZZZ

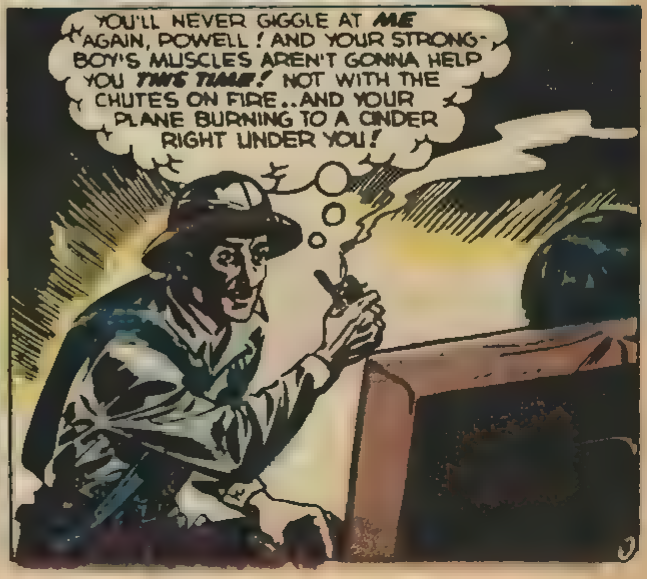
LOOK AT THE FAT PIG..PROBABLY LAUGHING TO HIMSELF BECAUSE I'M GONNA BE SENT UP! BUT MEBBE..MEBBE HE'S GONNA BE WRONG! THIS WRENCH... IT CAN MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!

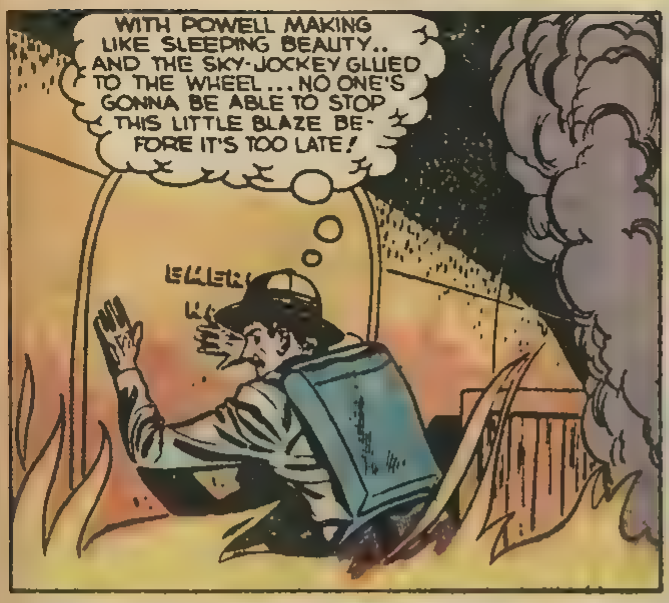

NO NEED TO TIE ME UP, EH? I OUGHTTA GRAB HIS GUN AND PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS ROTTEN HIDE..BUT I CAN'T RISK THE NOISE! THIS CAN PROVE WEIGHTY ENOUGH!

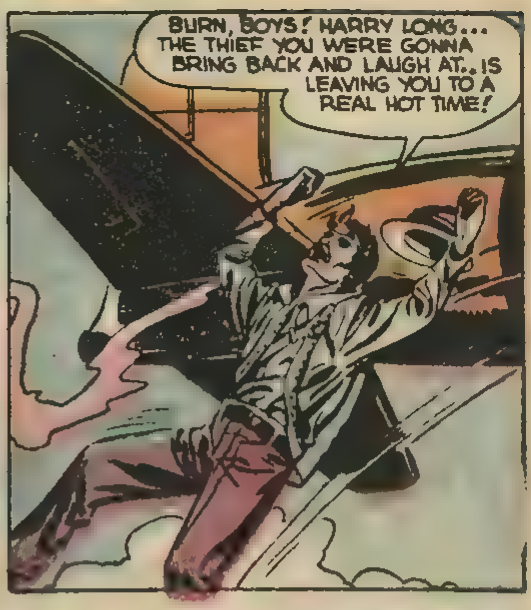
CRACK
T-THE SOUND OF THE MOTORS... THEY DROWNED OUT THE NOISE! SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO TIPTOE TO THE ESCAPE HATCH..AND FIX THESE CRUMBS UP GOOD!

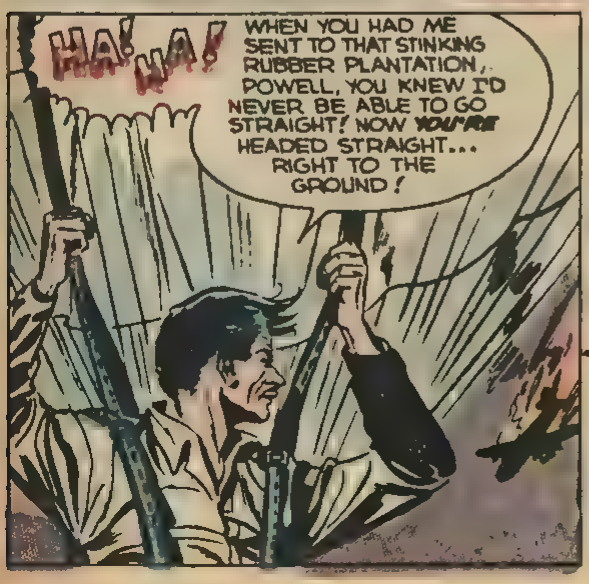

OVER THE MOUNTAINS I HAVE A 50-50 CHANCE... BETTER THAN I'LL EVER GET FROM THE COURT! AND BETTER THAN THESE BUZZARDS ARE GONNA HAVE WHEN I FINISH WITH THE OTHER TWO CHUTES! IT'S MY TURN TO LAUGH, FAT BOY!
PARACHUTES

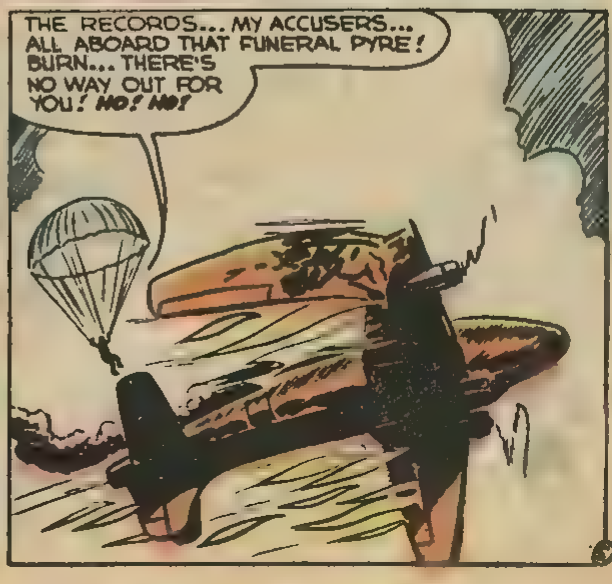

NO ONE KNOWS MUCH ABOUT THESE MOUNTAINS, EXCEPT FOR WHAT THE NATIVES SAY..AND AN OCCASIONAL EARTH TREMOR REACHING ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST! BUT I GOT A BETTER CHANCE HITTING THE SILK THAN BURNING TO DEATH IN HERE!
ON
EEERGERGY RAY-OX


YOU'LL NEVER GIGGLE AT ME AGAIN, POWELL! AND YOUR STRONG-BOY'S MUSCLES AREN'T GONNA HELP YOU THIS TIME! NOT WITH THE CHUTES ON FIRE..AND YOUR PLANE BURNING TO A CINDER RIGHT UNDER YOU!


WITH POWELL MAKING LIKE SLEEPING BEAUTY.. AND THE SKY-JOCKEY GLUED TO THE WHEEL... NO ONE'S GONNA BE ABLE TO STOP THIS LITTLE BLAZE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!


BURN, BOYS! HARRY LONG... THE THIEF YOU WERE GONNA BRING BACK AND LAUGH AT.. IS LEAVING YOU TO A REAL HOT TIME!


HA! HA!
WHEN YOU HAD ME SENT TO THAT STINKING RUBBER PLANTATION, POWELL, YOU KNEW I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO GO STRAIGHT! NOW YOU'RE HEADED STRAIGHT... RIGHT TO THE GROUND!


THE RECORDS... MY ACCUSERS... ALL ABOARD THAT FUNERAL PYRE! BURN... THERE'S NO WAY OUT FOR YOU! HO! HO!

AU REVOIR, SUCKERS!
BAROOOM!
I HOPE YOU FELT THE FIRE BEFORE YOU DIED! SORT OF A PAYMENT FOR ALL... HEY! THE CHUTE..IT'S WOBBLING... FEELS AS IF I'M BEING PULLED DOWN! G-GOOD LORD!
THE BIG FIRE THE NATIVES WHISPERED ABOUT... THAT'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THE TREMORS! IT..IT'S ACTING UP... AND IT'S DRAGGING ME RIGHT TO-WARD THAT OPEN MOUTH!
T-THE GASES FROM THE VOLCANO... THEY'RE MAKING A VACUUM OF THE AIR AND SUCKING ME DOWN! OH NO! I ESCAPED ONCE... IT'S NOT FAIR! PLEASE... PLEASE!
THE HEAT..IT..IT'S SMOTHERING ME... C-CAN'T BREATHE! AND I'M HEADED... HEADED STRAIGHT INTO THAT FURNACE... CAN'T SWAY THE CHUTE! I'M ROASTING ALIVE.. THE FLAMES...
AIEEEE!
...AND SO HARRY LONG WENT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE BOILING LAVA...
The End

FINGERPRINT REMOVAL

HUNTED BY THE POLICE OF 5 STATES, LARRY CALHOUN DESPERATELY NEEDED A SAFE HIDEAWAY.. AND A SURE METHOD OF...

C-CALHOUN! THE COPS ARE POUNDING THE BUSHES FOR YOU...

THAT'S WHY I HEADED FOR *YOUR* PLACE, DOC! IF THEY PICK ME UP ON THAT BANK KILLING.. AND COMPARE MY FINGER-PRINTS WITH THE ONES ON THE MURDER GUN..I'M FINISHED! I GOTTA GET *RID* OF THESE PRINTS!

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT NEW FINGERPRINT REMOVAL PROCESS I'VE BEEN WORKING ON... IT'S STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE! IT'S NEVER BEEN TESTED! I WOULDN'T DARE TRY IT ON ANYONE...

YOU'RE GONNA TRY IT ON *ME*.. RIGHT NOW! I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE...AND NEITHER DO YOU!

THAT GUN MAKES YOU THE BOSS, LARRY. I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOING...FIRST I INJECT THIS FLUID INTO EACH FINGERTIP TO DRY UP THE OILS IN THE PORES. IT'S THE OILS, YOU SEE.. WHICH LEAVE THE PRINTS...

YEAH... SPEED IT UP!

THEN WE IMMERSE YOUR HANDS INTO THIS *SEALING* LIQUID FOR AN HOUR. I WISH YOU COULD'VE WAITED UNTIL MY EXPERIMENTS WERE FINISHED...

STOP THE YAKITY-YAK, DOC! *IMMERSE!* I'M IN A HURRY TO BE HISTORY'S FIRST FINGER-PRINTLESS FUGITIVE!

TIME PASSED SLOWLY. THEN...

HOUR'S UP, LARRY! I HOPE THAT YOUR RUSHING INTO THIS THING ISN'T GOING TO PROVE...

AW, SHUT UP! YOU'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN A GLOOMY GUS! *ME*... I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU'VE DONE IT... SOON AS I PULL MY HANDS OUT OF THIS MUCK WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!

YAAHHH! MY FINGERS HAVE *DISSOLVED!*

JOHN BUSCEMA

"Underground" Issue Picturing Roosevelt and Churchill (ALBANIA)

Map of Volga River and Volga River Dam (RUSSIA)

Josef Stalin, Late Dictator of Russia and of World Communism (HUNGARY)

"Reap and Weep" (POLAND)

Cavalry Charge (BULGARIA)

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This sensational BARGAIN OFFER is made to introduce the services of Kenmore Stamp Company. Each collection contains the dramatic, valuable stamps pictured here plus 102 other exciting varieties. All are from Russia, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, East Germany and Siberia — lands cut off from the western world by the ruthless "Iron Curtain" of Russian Communism. Rush your order today for these hard-to-get stamps. Other interesting offers will be included for your inspection.

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KENMORE STAMP CO., Dept. CCG-8
Milford, N. H.

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BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THIS SENSATIONAL COLLECTION OF AIRPLANES

AMAZING get acquainted offer! GIANT COLLECTION of 40 assorted pieces all yours for only **98¢** TREMENDOUS BARGAIN

Wings away with the new toy sensation. Contains 40 colorful plastic Airplanes. Different styles—Jets, Bombers, DC4's, etc. Ideal for any age group. Full of play value and inexpensive. ONLY **98¢**

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CARLE PLACE, N.Y.

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☐ 40 assorted airplanes. I enclose 98¢

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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN

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"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.

$10 TO $15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO **VETERANS** UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3HK3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

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Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3HK3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____

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JOIN thousands of boys and girls who get fine prizes like these every year. Many prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one order of 24 Christmas Packs at 25c each. Some prizes require extra money as stated. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can, too.

It's easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 envelopes and 32 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—40 pieces for 25c. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or keep $2.00 cash on each 24-pack order you sell.

Mail coupon TODAY for one order of Christmas Packs and Big Prize Book showing more than 70 thrilling prizes. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

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Flash camera, 4 bulbs, batteries and film, all given. Takes pictures in black and white or color. Sell one order plus $1.50 extra.

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Girls will love this handy overnight case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key. Sell one order plus 75c.

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Beautiful 24K gold-plated Locket Set. Matching expansion bracelet. Each locket holds 2 photos. Sell one order plus 50c.

MOVIE VIEWER
See Walt Disney cartoons, cowboy films, sports, comedies, with this movie viewer. Sell one order.

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Win a Super Deluxe Schwinn Phantom Bicycle

Yes, your first order for Christmas Packs will bring complete details explaining how you can make your dream come true . . . a famous Schwinn bike for you.

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A complete kit for younger boys or girls. Touch football, 21" basketball, rubber baseball, referee's whistle. All given for selling just one order.

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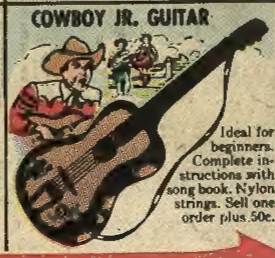

Ideal for beginners. Complete instructions with song book. Nylon strings. Sell one order plus 50c.

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Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each, send you the money, and choose my prize.

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